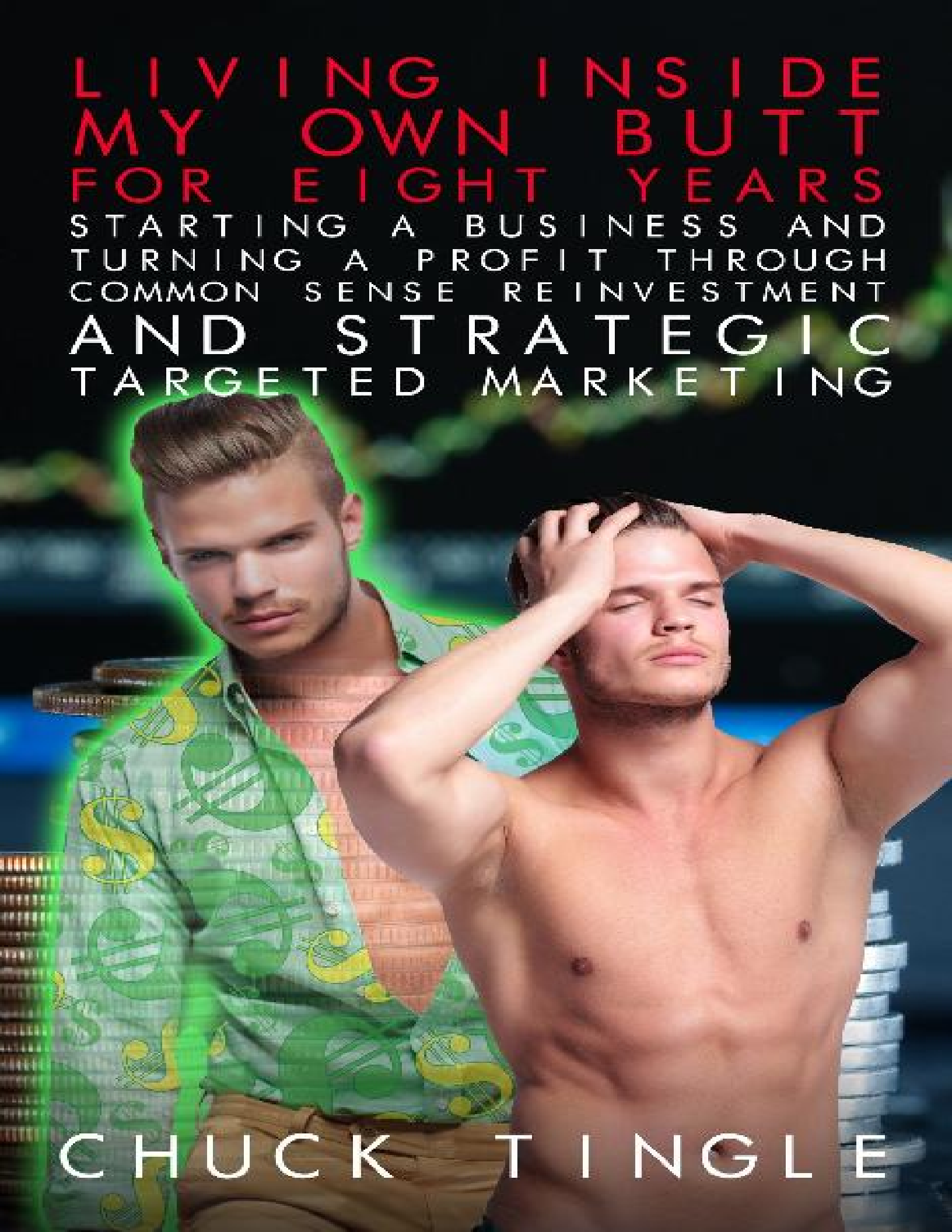
LIVING INSIDE MY OWN BUTT FOR EIGHT YEARS

STARTING A BUSINESS AND TURNING A PROFIT THROUGH COMMON SENSE REINVESTMENT AND STRATEGIC TARGETED MARKETING



CHUCK TINGLE

LIVING INSIDE MY OWN BUTT FOR EIGHT YEARS, STARTING A BUSINESS AND TURNING A PROFIT THROUGH COMMON SENSE REINVESTMENT AND STRATEGIC TARGETED MARKETING

By Chuck Tingle

OceanofPDF.com

It all started with a single moment, a tiny choice that would change my life forever.

It's funny how that happens, though, one minute you're walking down the street with a hot coffee in your hand, then next you're tumbling end over end through the air, the earth suddenly flipping through your field of vision once, twice, three times.

The next thing I knew, there was nothing but darkness.

People ask me if I saw anything strange during those moments I was hovering between life and death, and I'd like to respond that I saw visions of my family, or even angels. Unfortunately, that's not quite the way things happened. Instead, I felt a profound sense of disconnection; no body to exist in, but a frightened mind simply floating for what seemed like forever in the eternal blackness.

They say that the man who hit me with his truck was going forty over the speed limit. With that much force, it's even more of a miracle that I survived, landing on the other side of the street and breaking almost every bone in my body. I had a punctured lung, and severe damage to my liver, lungs and spleen.

But modern medicine is a force to be reckoned with, even more so than the force of a speeding truck, apparently.

Eventually, I found my way through the empty darkness and was reunited with my body in a hospital bed.

This is where the nightmare really began.

The driver who hit me was uninsured, and I'm not wealthy enough to afford health insurance for myself. I suddenly discovered that I was a struggling student with five million dollars in hospital bills to my name.

I finish explaining this all to the barista before me, and he nods.

"Did you hear that last part?" I question.

"Uh, yeah," the man says, dividing his attention between me and the next drink that he's struggling to prepare.

"So what should I do?" I ask him. "I'm drowning in debt."

The barista hesitates for a moment. "I'm sorry, I wasn't really listening," he finally admits.

I let out a long sigh and throw my hands up, taking my coffee and walking back over to the table that I'm posted up at today. I'm not trying to be an asshole, but these days I've found my fuse to be unreasonably short. Life can only stab you in the back so many times before you just give up

completely. I feel like the shell of my former self, the aches and pains of that horrific car wreck still flowing through my bones with every tiny movement.

I sit down and sip my coffee, staring at the laptop screen before me. Rows and rows of job listings are displayed across my computer, but all of the links have been visited already. While there are a few jobs here that I'm more than qualified for, none of them will provide me with what I actually need; a *lot* of money, very quickly.

I let out a long sigh, knowing that the coffee shop is about to close but not wanting to head home. I just can't take another walk past my apartment mailbox. I can already sense the guilt that it will crush down onto me as I try my best to ignore the bills that are literally overflowing from within.

There's a sudden jingle as the coffee shop door opens up and someone steps inside.

"I'm sorry, we're closed," explains the barista.

Before he can say another word, however, the man who entered steps up to the counter and throws a fistful of money into the barista's face. It flutters around the shop in a flurry of green, drifting this way and that, until settling all around them. One of the bills lands at my feet and I look down, immediately noticing that it's a crisp hundred.

I reach down and snatch the cash up as quickly as I can.

"How about now?" the mysterious man asks the trembling barista.

The barista sweeps the money across the counter towards him and nods. "I think we can fix up one more drink," he stammers.

The mysterious, wealthy man is dressed to the nines, looking sharp in a green velvet suit and matching top hat that are both covered in dollar signs. He is wealth personified, a perfectly groomed gentleman holding a golden cane that is topped with a dollar sign.

"I'd like four of your most expensive drinks," the man in the top hat commands.

The barista nods. "That would be the our imported eight percent chocolate milk, sir."

"Very well," confirms the rich man.

I watch as the barista quickly prepares the beverages and then hands them over. The rich man takes his drinks and pours three of them out into the garbage, asserting his wealth and dominance, and then sips carefully from the last.

“This is very good,” the rich man remarks with a smile, “your tip is parked out back, the keys are in the ignition.”

“Whoa,” says the barista, struggling to find his words, “I don’t know what to say.”

“Say nothing,” suggests the rich man. Suddenly, he swivels on his heel and heads for the door, a long green cape flowing behind him.

Immediately, I’m hit with the realization that this is a once in a lifetime moment, my path crossing with financial greatness at a time when I need it the most.

“Wait!” I shout out, leaping from my seat.

The man is already gone, but I chase after him, running out in the parking lot and frantically searching for a glimpse of his luxurious green suit. It’s hard to miss, as a helicopter lowers down from the night sky above and extends a staircase to the cement.

“Hold on!” I cry, running after him and screaming as my voice is drowned out by the whirling helicopter blades.

The rich man takes his first step up the staircase and then halts, hearing my voice and turning around to face me.

“Please,” I pant, finally reaching the man, “I need to know your secrets, how did you make all of this money?”

In this moment, something confusing happens. The man’s gaze is furious at first, but as his eyes move down my toned body they begin to change, flooding with a deep emotion and reverence. He stops completely when he reaches my ass.

“You’re sitting on a gold mine, you know that?” he informs me. “Literally.”

“I am?” I question.

“Come on,” the rich man throws his head back.

I follow him up into the helicopter as the stairs retract behind us, folding up into the vehicle and then disappearing completely into its undercarriage. When we reach the top, I fully expect the find myself in a bare bones cockpit, my ears assaulted with the powerful hum of spinning chopper blades. This couldn’t be farther from the truth, however.

When the helicopter door closes behind us, all of the sound disappears completely. We are in a small but opulent living quarters, with a fireplace, some couches, and even a large, flat-screen TV. The only way that I can tell I’m still in a helicopter is by looking out through the large

windows on either side of the aircraft, which now display the dark landscape below as it gets smaller and smaller, drifting away from us while we rise.

"Come, sit!" offers the man as he flops down onto the couch in front of his roaring fireplace.

"This is amazing," I gush.

"Right, right," the man says, clearly understanding how wealthy he is and not needing a reminder.

I walk over and sit down next to him.

"I am Sir Barkono Shibbery, but you can call me Barko," the rich man explains.

"Travis," I tell him.

"Well, Travis, I know a good investment when I see it," Barko continues. "It's how I've gotten to where I am today; solid, common-sense butthole investment."

"Butthole investment?" I counter, not quite sure what he means by this strange, new term.

"Did you know that the most profitable place to run a business is inside the body of a handsome man?" Barko questions. "Specifically, inside of his butthole."

I shake my head. "I didn't know that, and I don't know if I believe it."

Barko throws his arms out. "Then please, explain all of this!"

I look around at the ornate trappings of this flying room, the detail that has been paid to every nook and cranny of the luxurious, helicopter compound. "Fair enough," I concede.

Barko eyes me up and down, as if questioning whether or not I'm ready to hear what he has to say, then finally continues. "I will help you start a business within your body. Within just two years, I guarantee that we will turn a reasonable profit through common sense reinvestment and strategic targeted marketing. After that, the sky is the limit."

"Will it be enough to pay for my medical bills?" I ask him, cutting straight to the point.

"When we're finished, you'll be able to buy the whole damn hospital," retorts Barko. "All I ask is a twenty five percent stake in the company."

I don't need to think long before extending my hand out towards this wealthy, anal investor. "Deal."

We start by investigating the ecosystem of my anus. Barko explains that even though it looks fantastic from the outside, there is no telling what waits within. Fortunately, what we find is a stunning collection of hills and valleys, a gorgeous landscape covered in lush green forests and beautiful flowing rivers.

Immediately, we recognize that there are many approaches to take within this anal wonderland, and decide to develop the most effective two.

First, we are going to take the rolling green hills and turn them into beautiful vineyards, growing grapes over the course of several years and turning them into a high priced wine. Barko has all of the connections needed for this, and he is confident that, within the ecosystem of my butthole, we will be able to come up with something quite special for even the most skeptical consumers.

Secondly, we plan on using the natural beauty of this landscape to our advantage, turning it into an exclusive residential development for only the wealthiest of clients.

I have to admit, the first year of this whole process is quite frightening.

Barko lets me live at his home in the Hollywood Hills, where we develop and expand upon my anal property, but while the vineyards are growing their grapes and the homes are being constructed, not a single cent is being added to my empty pockets.

In fact, Barko and me are hemorrhaging money left and right.

Fortunately, my new financial mentor has faith in me, taking this initial investment upon himself as we work from the ground up. I don’t know what I’d do without him, and I’d be lying if I said that this first year of crashing at his luxurious complex was much of a hardship.

Still, the thought always lingered in the back of my mind, a nagging question that I couldn’t seem to shake my matter how hard I tired; is this a sound investment?

Eventually, though, the grapes are ready to harvest and the homes begging to be occupied.

We name this particular region of my butthole Plobus Valley, an attractive name that translates to “place of sweet riches” in the language of the natives who inhabit my body. It also makes for a great wine brand.

When Plobus Valley Wine is finally sent out to all of the world's most elite tasters, it scores incredibly high marks on both packaging and flavor.

Soon, Plobus Valley is a household name, synonymous with fine dining and the pinnacle of luxury. With that kind of recognition, it only takes a few well placed ads in print and billboard for our target demographic to start moving in, buying up homes left and right and paying off our real estate development ten fold.

One day I look at my bank account, and I have a hundred million dollars staring back at me.

Barko and I are strolling through the beautiful forest of my butthole, looking up at the anal sunset that peaks through the crisscrossing leaves above and covers us in a beautiful pattern of ornate shadows.

"This place really is amazing," Barko tells me.

I nod, removing my top hat as a symbol of reverence. Many years have gone by and, now that I'm a billionaire, I've started to dress like just like Barko, sporting a regal, purple suit that shows off my newfound sophistication.

"Thank you for believing in my ass," I tell him.

"I know a good investment when I see it," Barko replies. "All it takes is a common sense business plan and a little development knowhow."

I chuckle. "Don't sell yourself short."

The path we are walking on suddenly opens up and ends at the edge of a cliffside, looking out across the vast landscape of my own rectal passageway below.

"Look at this place," I sigh, my eyes locked upon the beautiful vista that spreads out before us. "Can you believe it's been eight years?"

"Eight fantastic years," he repeats back to me.

By now, we've spun off the initial investments into even more profitable ventures. Down by the lake I can see the massive aerospace warehouse, which provides reliable aircrafts all across my butt. Over to my left is the blossoming arts district, providing culture and excitement to the people who live here, and behind it is the soon-to-be-finished UFL stadium. All of this is generating income at an almost unfathomable rate, and all of it exists entirely within my butthole.

I turn to Barko, my eyes welling up with tears. "I don't think I can thank you enough," I tell him. "If it wasn't for you I'd still be paying off all

of those medical bills."

Barko sighs. "Thank yourself, then."

"What do you mean?" I question.

Barko hesitates, his eyes sparkling mysteriously in the last light of the sun as it disappears behind the mountains.

"What is it?" I continue to prod, growing concerned. Something is off here, something that I can't quite put my finger on.

"I have to tell you something," Barko begins. "Something that I've been keeping from you for a very, very long time."

"Tell me!" I insist, unable to contain myself any longer.

"I'm… not real," Barko finally reveals.

"What?" I question, not quite understanding.

"I'm a figment of your imagination," the man explains. "In fact, we're the same person."

The second that Barko says this, everything starts to fall into place. I remember that day at the coffee shop when I first met him, but in my memory I now realize that I had been all alone. There was no man in a purple suit, no helicopter drifting down to pick us up. Every piece of information that I learned from Barko had actually come from somewhere deep down within my own subconscious, passed on to the rest of my brain by a character that wasn't ever really there.

"I'm sorry," my friend and mentor tells me, his physical manifestation slowly starting to fade.

"Wait!" I cry out, grabbing ahold of him and pulling him close as tears stream down my face. "You can't go, there's so much that I still want to tell you, to learn from you."

"There's no time," insists Barko. "You'll have to learn from yourself. That's all that I ever was, Travis, a part of you."

"But, I love you," I reveal. I close my eyes and I kiss the handsome man deeply on the lips, feeling them dissipate against mine. When I open my eyes again, Barko is gone.

I fall to my knees now, looking up into the sky of my own butthole and crying out with the pain of a broken heart. Over the last eight years, we have created such beauty here, but with no partner to enjoy it with, the landscape now seems bland and colorless.

"I love you, too" comes a voice from behind me, deep and soulful.

Slowly, I turn around and gasp, shocked by the stunning vision that stands before me.

I recognize him immediately, a physical manifestation of my business ambition that swirls and dances in the air like a handsome cyclone of practical thought and common sense marketing.

“I’m still here,” the manifestation of my business sense tells me, “just not in the way that you thought.”

“I don’t care,” I tell him, trembling with arousal. “I want you.”

Already on my knees, I beckon my sentient business sense towards me and then remove his ever-hardening cock from the swirling mass of economic strategy. His shaft is absolutely massive, pointing out at my face like a beautiful pink rocket of flesh that I swallow graciously.

My business sense lets out a long, satisfied moan as I begin to pump my head up and down across the length of his shaft, slowly at first and then speeding up with every movement. I cradle his balls in my hands, gently caressing the hanging globes as his hips pump along with my movements.

Eventually, I push down as deep as I can and take the sentient business strategy to the hilt of his rock hard cock, his length fully consumed into the depths of my throat. I hold him here fro a while in an impressive deep throat, letting this handsome manifestation enjoy my oral skills.

Even *I* am surprised by how well I take him, due mostly to the fact that I’m not at all gay. There’s nothing gay about a man taking his own economic strategy in a hardcore deep throat, I remind myself. This may be the business of love, but it is still a business.

Eventually, I start to run out of air and I am forced to pull back from the sentient manifestation’s muscular, toned body. I let out a frantic gasp, struggling to collect myself as a long thread of spit hangs between my lips and the head of his mammoth shaft.

“You’re so fucking huge in my mouth,” I tell the living business strategy.

“I’m huge when you put me other places, too,” he says with a laugh.

I know exactly what he means by this and, suddenly overwhelmed with arousal, I fall back and turn around on the ground. I’m on my hands and knees now, facing away from the swirling mass of sentient ambition and knowledge. I push my ass out towards him, reaching back with one hand to undo my belt and then promptly slipping my pants off. My

underwear comes shortly after, and soon enough I am completely exposed to the manifestation. I hold my tight butthole open for him.

“Take me,” I groan, “shove that big fat business cock up into my tight gay ass!”

My own sentient business knowledge positions himself behind me, crouching down and placing his rod up against the tightly puckered rim of my butthole. I can feel him teasing the edge of my taut sphincter, playing with the elastic of my ass and then gently sliding in. I let out a long, satisfied moan, gripping hard onto the grass before me and bracing myself against his weight.

Deeper and deeper my manifested business know-how dives until eventually he reaches the hilt, swallowed completely within my asshole. The fullness creates a strangely satisfying ache within me, and as the manifestation begins to slowly pump in and out I realize now that he is stimulating my prostate.

It’s an unusual sensation, one that I’ve never before experienced until this very moment of pure bliss. While every slam against my backside speeds up, the orgasmic throbbing spreads across my body, starting deep within my butthole and then flooding into my stomach, then down my arms and legs. Soon enough, my entire body is trembling with desire, shaking and convulsing as it’s filled with orgasmic pleasure.

“Harder!” I scream, egging him on. “Pound that ass harder with exponential growth!”

The business manifestation doubles his speed with every slam, faster and faster until he is hammering into my rectum like and out of control jackhammer. I am loving every second of it, my eyes rolling back into my head as I reach down between my legs and begin to beat myself off furiously.

I can sense the edge of this powerful orgasm welling up within me, struggling to explode across my body. Closer and closer it draws until I feel as though I’m about to break completely, but with just seconds to spare, the manifestation behind me pulls out and plummets me back to zero.

“Hey!” I shout in surprise.

“Not yet,” my business ambition says. “I want to show you something.”

I can’t help being a little disappointed, but I trust this sentient economic idea, and take his hand as it’s extended out towards me. “Where

are we going?” I ask.

“To see what we’ve build over the last eight years of careful reinvestment and common sense business practice,” the manifestation coos warmly.

I suddenly let out a startled yelp, realizing now that we are lifting up off of the hillside, the clothes slipping away from my body as we ascend into the cool night air of my butt’s natural ecosystem.

“I’m flying,” I stammer.

“We’re flying, together,” my living business sense tells me.

“But, aren’t we the same person?” I ask.

My sentient knowledge cracks a smile. “I suppose we are, but that doesn’t mean we can’t love each other.”

As we drift up over the anal valley below, I’m greeted with an even more spectacular view of all that my business sense and I have accomplished. The city below is absolutely thriving, eight years of work on display. Even though it is late, the men and women who inhabit my butthole are still hard at work in their jobs of choice, making well compensated overtime and happy to do it. This is what happens when you spend eight years of your life developing a system of common sense reinvestment and strategic targeted marketing.

“Do you see it?” my business sense asks. “Do you see what you’ve created?”

“I do,” I tell him.

My sentient knowledge is carrying me from behind, holding me tight with his body pressed up against mine as the air whips softly against our bare skin. The altitude of our flight is both thrilling and terrifying, but as the trust between my business sense and me grows, all of the fear quickly begins to melt away.

Suddenly, I can feel my sentient economic knowledge and ambition pressing his shaft up against the entrance of my butthole once again.

“Oh fuck,” I cry, “do it! Pound me up the ass while we soar over the fruits of my strategic anal investment!”

The business strategy pushes forward and impales me for the second time this evening. He wastes no time getting to work, plowing into my muscular frame with all of his brutal force. Immediately, I can feel the tension of a prostate orgasm welling up within me once more, filling my body with a quaking pleasure that is already threatening to blow.

I reach down and grab ahold of my cock, beating myself off in time with his pumps from the back and gritting my teeth.

“I’m gonna cum!” I cry out. “I’m gonna blow my load across this fucking city that we built together! I’m gonna shower my seed across every strategic investment!”

“Do it!” my sentient business sense commands. “You’ve fucking earned it!”

Suddenly, my entire body is surging with a powerful sensation, every muscle spasming hard as it tries to keep up with the waves of blissed out emotions. My first instinct is to shut my eyes tight, but I force them to stay open, to view the beautiful pearly rain of my cum as it splatters down across the city below. Rope after hot white rope ejects from the head of my shaft, tumbling down and blessing my investments.

I suddenly realize that the manifested business strategy behind me is cumming as well, thrusting deep within my body and letting out a frantic cry of pleasure. I can feel his semen pumping into me, load after load of milky spunk that fills my asshole to the brim and then squirts out from the edges when there’s just no room left.

“I love you,” I tell him, tears of joy streaming down my face.

“I love you, too,” my living investment strategy tells me.

My orgasm continues for what seems like forever until, finally, I sense the ground beneath my feet once again. I realize now that we’ve landed back upon the edge of the cliff.

My business strategy slips out of my butthole, spilling his leftover seed everywhere.

Immediately, I turn and wrap my arms around him. “I can’t believe what we’ve accomplished with these eight years of hard work.”

“Well, believe it,” he says with a smile. “Here’s to eight more.”

My sentient, manifested business ambition leans down and kisses me deeply on the mouth, then pulls back, looking me in the eyes with a fierceness that sends shivers down my spine.

“Travis, will you marry me?” my own sentient investment strategy asks.

“Of course I will,” I tell him. “Of course I will.”

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Also by Chuck Tingle…

Dinosaur Tinglers

My Billionaire Triceratops Craves Gay Ass
Gay T-Rex Law Firm: Executive Boner
Gaygent Brontosaurus: The Butt Is Not Enough
Professor T-Rex Teaches Me Gayness
Lonely Author Pounded By Dinosaur Social Media Followers
President Domald Loch Ness Tromp Pounds America's Butt
Pharma Bro Pounded In The Butt By T-Rex Comedian Bill Murky And A Clan Of Triceratops
Rappers Trying To Get Their Album Back
Dinosaur Magicians Pinn And Tucker Make Their Weiners Disappear In My Butt
Schrodinger's Butt
Space Raptor Butt Invasion
Space Raptor Butt Redemption
Space Raptor Butt Ascension
Space Raptor Butt Trilogy
Stranger Pounds
Chef Woolly Mammoth Eats My Butt
Domald Tromp Pounded In The Butt By The Handsome Russian T-Rex Who Also Peed On His Butt And Then Blackmailed Him With The Video Of His Butt Getting Peed On
Slammed In The Butt By The Prehistoric Megalodon Shark Amid Accusations Of Jumping Over Him
Butt Butt Land: Ryan Goslins And The City Of Butts
Open Wide For The Handsome Sabertooth Dentist Who Is Also A Ghost
England's Ass Is Haunted By A Hung Parliament
T-Rex Anal Workout
Game Of Butts: The Pounds Of Winter
Chuck's Dinosaur Tinglers: Volume 1
Chuck's Dinosaur Tinglers: Volume 2
Chuck's Dinosaur Tinglers: Volume 3
Chuck's Dinosaur Tinglers: Volume 4
Chuck's Dinosaur Tinglers: Volume 5
Chuck's Dinosaur Tinglers: Volume 6

Unicorn Tinglers

Taken By The Gay Unicorn Biker
My Ass Is Haunted By The Gay Unicorn Colonel
Pounded By The Gay Unicorn Football Squad
Unicorn Butt Cops: Beach Patrol
Anally Yours, The Unicorn Sailor
Top Horn: Turned Gay By The Unicorn Pilots
Hunter Dentist Pounded In The Butt By Cecil The Handsome Unicorn
Butt Wars: Rogue Buns
Fake News, Real Boners
Heavy Metal Unicorn Lawyer Sings Into My Butthole Legally

Chuck's Unicorn Tinglers: Volume 1
Chuck's Unicorn Tinglers: Volume 2
Chuck's Unicorn Tinglers: Volume 3

Bigfoot Tinglers

Pounded By President Bigfoot
Bigfoot Sommelier Butt Tasting
Seduced By Doctor Bigfoot: Attorney At Large
Bigfoot Pirates Haunt My Balls
The Curse Of Bigfoot Butt Camp
Bigfoot Settler's Claim My Butthole
Dan Bigfootzerian Parties In My Butthole With His Billionaire Lifestyle
Eight Bigfoot Buckaroos Hate My Butt And Pound It
Pokebutt Go: Pounded By 'Em All
The Butt Files: The Case Of Bigfoot's Weiner
Buttnite Buttle Royale
Chuck's Bigfoot Tinglers: Volume 1
Chuck's Bigfoot Tinglers: Volume 2
Chuck's Bigfoot Tinglers: Volume 3

Living Object Tinglers

I'm Gay For My Living Billionaire Jet Plane
Trained By The Living Biker Train
Pounded By The Gay Color Changing Dress
Turned Gay By The Living Alpha Diner
Glazed By The Gay Living Donuts
Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt
Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"
Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt'"
Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"'"
Buttception: A Butt Within A Butt Within A Butt
Vampire Night Bus Pounds My Butt
Shared By The Chocolate Milk Cowboys
Reamed By My Reaction To The Title Of This Book
Angry Man Pounded By The Fear Of His Latent Gayness Over A Dinosaur Transitioning Into A Unicorn
Slammed Up The Butt By My Hot Coffee Boss
The State Of California Stalks My Butthole
Pounded In The Butt By My Leaked Mashly Addison Data
Happy Birthday Frankenstein, Now Pound My Butt
Oppressed In The Butt By My Inclusive Holiday Coffee Cups
Monday Pounds Me In The Butt
Creamed In The Butt By My Handsome Living Corn
Slammed In The Butthole By My Concept Of Linear Time

Pounded By My Handsome Ghost Boats
Pounded By The Pound: Turned Gay By The Socioeconomic Implications Of Britain Leaving The European Union
Slammed By The Substantial Amount Of Press Generated By My Book "Pounded By The Pound: Turned Gay By The Socioeconomic Implications Of Britain Leaving The European Union"
Slammed In The Butt By Domald Tromp's Attempt To Avoid Accusations Of Plagiarism By Removing All Facts Of Concrete Plans From His Republican National Convention Speech
First Buckaroo Bill Pounded By The Handsome Living White House
Pounded In The Butt By My Hugo Award Loss
Kissed On The Weiner By My Own Weiner
Slammed In The Butt By My Smartphone's Missing Headphone Jack
Brangelina Splits Apart And Then Pounds Their Own Butt
Pounded In The Butt By My Constantly Changing Thoughts On The Ongoing Mystery Of Chuck Tingle's Real Identity
Slammed In The Butt By The Handsome Sentient Manifestation Of Election Day
Hard For Hardwick: Pounded In The Butt By The Physical Manifestation Of My Own Handsome Late Night Comedy Show
Pounded In The Butt By The Sentient Physical Manifestation Of The Year 2016
Redacted In The Butt By Redacted Under The Tromp Administration
Pounded By The Sentient Manifestation Of My Incorrectly Announced Best Picture Winner
Domald Tromp Pounded In The Butt By His Fabricated Wiretapping Scandal Made Up To Redirect Focus Away From His Seemingly Endless Unethical Connections To Russia
The Handsome Pretendo Swap Joysicks And Portable Screen Slam My Butt While Also Allowing Me To Control My Game
Pounded In The Butt By The Sentient Manifestation Of My Own Ignorant Climate Change Denial
Pounded In The Butt By My Second Hugo Award Nomination
Domald Tromp's Ass Is Haunted By The Handsome Ghost Of His Incriminating Tax Returns
Pounded In The Wallet And The Butt By The Failed Fyber Music Festival
I'm In Love With The Handsome Mummy Racecar In My Butt
Living Corn James Corny Fired In The Butt
Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Book 'Pounded In The Butt By My Book "Pounded In The Butt By My Own Butt"'"'"
Slammed By My Handsome Fidget Spinner
Pounded In The Butt By Covfefe
There's A Bitcoin In My Butt And He Is Handsome
Domald Tromp Jr. Slammed In The Butt By His Secret Russian Meetings And The Grossly Incompetent Cover Up Shortly Thereafter
Pounded In The Butt By The Fact That It Took Less Time For This Book To Be Written And Published Than The Entire Length Of Tony Scarymoochy's Term As White House Communications Director
My Butt Is Comforted By The Realization That I'm Okay And Everything Will Be Alright
Billionaire Elons Mugg Takes The Handsome Planet Mars In His Butt
The Handsome Physical Manifestation Of Autumn Turns Me Gay
Pounded By The Handsome Zombie Elevator Who Is Also A Lawyer
Sentient Fort Pauls Manofort Is Charged In The Butt While Tromp's Foreign Policy Advisor Georgie Papadop Admits He Lied About Hiding Inside
Pounded In The Butt By The Handsome Physical Manifestation Of Holiday Shopping
Sentient Phantom Tow Truck Pounds My Butt

Slammed In The Butt By My Handsome Laundry Detergent Pod
Taken Hotly By My Handsome Physically Manifested Hot Take
Pounded In The Butt By The Sentient Physical Manifestation Of Valentine's Day
My Handsome Mountain Bike Is A Doctor And He Pounds My Butt
Rammed In The Butt By The Handsome Sentient Manifestation Of Traffic Who Is A Bad Boy
Pounded In The Butt By My Podcast "Night Vale Presents Pounded In The Butt By My Podcast With Chuck Tingle"
News Commentator Sam Hannity Pounded In The Butt By The Fact That He Didn't Disclose He Has The Same Lawyer As The President
Seduced By The Handsome Physically Manifested Sound That Some People Hear As Yanny And Others Hear As Laurel
Tuesday Pounds Me In The Butt
Wednesday Pounds Me In The Butt
Thursday Pounds Me In The Butt
Friday Pounds Me In The Butt
Saturday Pounds Me In The Butt
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 1
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 2
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 3
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 4
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 5
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 6
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 7
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 8
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 9
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 10
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 11
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 12
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 13
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 14
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 15
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 16
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 17
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 18
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 19
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 20
Chuck's Living Object Tinglers: Volume 21

Self Help

Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Romance
Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Sport
Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To The Void
Dr. Chuck Tingle's Complete Guide To Film

Novels/Other

Helicopter Man Pounds Dinosaur Billionaire Ass (A Novel)

Buttageddon: The Final Days Of Pounding Ass
Scary Stories To Tingle Your Butt: 7 Gay Tales Of Terror
Scary Stories To Tingle Your Butt: 7 Gay Tales Of Terror Vol. 2
Pounded By Politics: Nine Tales Of Civic Butthole Diplomacy
Pounded By Politics Again: Nine More Tales Of Civic Butthole Diplomacy
Breaking The Fourth Butt: Eight Hot-To-Trot Meta Tinglers
Breaking The Fourth Butt Volume 2: Eight More Hot-To-Trot Meta Tinglers
Handsome Sentient Food Pounds My Butt And Turns Me Gay: Eight Tales Of Hot Food And Beverage Love

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About Dr. Tingle…

Dr. Chuck Tingle is a Hugo Nominated erotic author and Tae Kwon Do grandmaster (almost black belt) from Billings, Montana. After receiving his PhD at DeVry University in holistic massage, Chuck found himself fascinated by all things sensual, leading to his creation of the "tingler", a story so blissfully erotic that it cannot be experienced without eliciting a sharp tingle down the spine. Chuck's hobbies include backpacking, checkers and sport.

If you would like to know more about Dr. Tingle, you may visit his website or write to him at ChuckTheTingler@gmail.com

Sign up for Chuck’s mailing list here.

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